

Read It Here==Then SEE It All in Motion Pictures

The Perils of Pauline

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Sanford Marvin, a wealthy manufacturer of automobiles, has worn himself out by overwork. His son, Harry, and his adopted daughter, Pauline, love each other, but she wants two years of thrilling experiences seeing life before marrying. Her reason is that she is ambitious to be a writer. Old Mr. Marvin asks to see what she has written. While Pauline and Harry are in search of a magazine containing her story, Mr. Marvin opens the case of a mummy which has just arrived from Egypt. Raymond Owen, his rascally private secretary, helps lift off the front of the case, but leaves the old mummy to remove the mummy's bandages alone. Mr. Marvin, during a fainting spell, sees the half-exposed mummy come to life, step out of her case, take a bracelet from her wrist and try to force it into his nerveless grasp while her lips whisper a strange message from the remote past.

Restored to consciousness by Harry and Pauline, the old man believes it to be a dream until later he finds the identical bracelet on the mummy's skeleton wrist.

He promises Pauline one year to see life, and places her in the guardianship of Owen. A final heart attack gives him just time to write on the doctor's prescription blank a brief will. Then he dies. A lawyer tells Owen that he would have permanent charge of Pauline's estate if something should happen to her before marriage. Owen conspires with villainous characters to have Pauline killed. But, hazar, the gypsy chief, allies himself with Owen. The preceding chapters have dealt with the many efforts of the two to accomplish Pauline's end.

In the chapter which preceded today's, Pauline just misses death in one of the most cruel and fantastic plots which has yet been laid for her. She escapes from the villainous Wrentz when their speeding motor car is wrecked only to fall into the clutches of a ferocious gorilla which has escaped from a circus manager. The beast carries her to the top of a cliff and she is finally saved from the most horrible of fates by the bravery of a policeman.

Written by Charles Goddard, The Distinguished Playwright

(Continued from Last Week)

CHAPTER XXXIX.

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THEY had decided to take the yacht down to Atlantic City for a holiday. "It will be the celebration of your home-coming," said Pauline.

"It may keep you out of mischief," said Harry. "I say it MAY."

They stood on the North River pier of the Clendenning Yacht Club while the yacht—the graceful Mercedes, which old Mr. Marvin had so loved—rode, white and scintillant, at anchor in midstream.

At Harry's last remark Pauline turned her back upon him. "Harry," she said presently, "I have decided not to marry you."

"That is encouraging," he beamed. "Everything you have decided to do in the last ten months you have NOT done, with such uniform success, that I rejoice."

She stamped her foot in sincere anger. "You have no heart—no really good heart," she cried. "You don't know what tortures I went through. And you weren't there to help me."

"I being in Chicago and you in Philadelphia, I should have reached you from your strong right arm and saved you from your enemies, I suppose."

"Well—well—you might have sent a telegram."

"To the gorilla, asking him not to hurt you?"

"Oh!" Her tone was of crushing wrath. "Oh-h!" Her tone was of delightful surprise, as she saw, coming down the pier, three young naval officers in uniform. "Why, it can't be—yes, it is—Lieutenant Summers. I'm SO glad to see you."

"Thank you," said the young ensign, who had shared the dangers of the submarine maneuver. "We saw you rushing down here and we tagged along. What's the matter with Harry?"

"It is mental trouble. We are greatly worried about him," answered Pauline vindictively.

"Hello, Summers," said Harry, shaking hands and laughing in spite of himself. Summers introduced his comrades. "Miss Marvin—Lieutenant Judson and Lieutenant Hale. And Mr. Marvin."

"Hope we haven't interrupted any happy little fight," he added, eyeing Pauline and Harry.

"No, indeed—merely postponed it," said Pauline. "Harry says he is going to take me to Atlantic City on the yacht to keep me out of mischief. You know how that masculine way of treating women charms the women," she added.

"I would pay no attention to him," declared Harry's old chum. "He is merely looking for a target for his ill-temper. The United States Navy will protect you. By the way, we're looking for a target, too."

"For YOUR ill-temper?"

"No. For our battleships. The fleet is off for practice to-morrow, and one of the tubs we had bought went down on the way to the Hook."

"Tubs? Do you shoot at tubs?" she asked. "Tubs like that one over there," answered Summers, indicating an ancient canal barge that lay at the next pier. "That's our new target. We just bought it."

"Come on out to the boat and have dinner with us. We're not going to sail until to-morrow," suggested Harry.

"Sorry we can't. This is an urgent duty, and a hurry call. We must take the old rig out this afternoon and get a target on her before night."

A long white motorboat was whirling up to the dock.

"By George, that's a beauty!" said Summers. "Is that yours?"

"Yes," said Harry. "Come on. Let the government perish and have a cup of tea to brace you up before you slaughter the canal boats."

"Can't. Posi-tively," declared Summers. "Good-by," called he and his companions as Harry and Pauline got into the motorboat which had come from the yacht.

"Oh, I forgot," said Pauline, as they put off. "I had decided not to go with you."

"Another of those decisions," remarked Harry blandly. "You know, Polly, I was in peril in Chicago just as you were in Philadelphia."

Her face blanched in beautiful sincerity of alarm that brought a flush of repentance to his smiling face. "In—peril—you?" she said.

"In peril of buying an engagement ring. I have the same impulse whenever I am away from you for more than twenty-four hours."

But I knew you would say: 'How stupid!' and I didn't."

To his surprise, she smiled at him as they sat aside by side before the wheel of the whizzing boat. "Girls NEVER say that about an engagement ring," she said. "But, of course, a girl doesn't think an engagement ring means she is going to marry a man."

In a minute they were at the yacht's companionway, and a sailor was at the foot of it to help them up. The motorboat was made fast to the side and Pauline and Harry went on deck.

"That's a little jewel of a boat, Harry," she said. "Will you let me have it? I want to run it myself."

"No, I am sending it back to shore as soon as we are ready to leave. What do you want to do—begin another of these wild pranks ten minutes after the last one ended?"

"It's not a prank to want to learn to run a motor boat," she answered. "Sophie McCallan has one that she races in all the regattas."

"But I'm not going to marry Sophie McCallan. I am going to marry you, and, if all concerned consent, I would rather you be alive than dead when the wedding is celebrated."

"Well, then, if you won't teach me I'll have one of the sailors do it. They probably know more about a motorboat than you do anyway."

"Probably," he said curtly, turning away. "Oh, no—I didn't mean to make you cross."

She seemed to capitulate. "I want YOU to teach me, Harry. You will, won't you?"

She had clasped his arm as he was stamping down the deck, and the lovely nearness of her had the old effect.

"Polly! You KNOW you can always do as you please. I can't control you—because I love you. But WHY don't you SOMETIMES get an idea that is sensible?"

"Men don't like sensible women," said Pauline gravely.

His laugh lost him another trench in the verbal battleground.

"Well, if I show you how to run the thing will you promise not to do anything foolish with it?" he surrendered.

"Assuredly. I shall never do anything foolish. You know perfectly well that I am only seeking material for my stories, dear Harry. Why do you always insinuate that I am a deliberate trouble-maker?"

He turned and caught her hands. "No, no, little sister-sweetheart," he said. "If it were only deliberate, you wouldn't do it. It's impulsive and rash and foolish and dangerous; that's why I seem to be always bounding you and trying to stop your pet schemes. But I'll show you how to run the motorboat in the morning."

They had been leaning over the rail in the dusk of the late Autumn day, their eyes cast over the gray bay waters to the lights of the great Manhattan wall sparkling crisply into glow and the lights of the river craft pouring their little moonlike streams across the waves. They did not know that in the shadow of the after-deck stood Raymond Owen, so apparently as casual and unconcerned an observer as themselves of the river night scene.

"Five o'clock," called Pauline, as she moved down the deck toward the cabin after bidding Harry good-night. "You know we sail at noon."

"Five o'clock is all right for the motorboat, but don't say that I know anything about sailing at noon. I told you that."

"You told me a lot about the automobile business and the necessity of your being in

Company's office, but this is a yacht, not an automobile, and I'M GOING TO KEEP YOU ON IT."

"The first evidence being that you want to take me from it to show you a motorboat."

"Exactly. No one—not even the Marvin Motor Company—can call you back from a motorboat."

"I see. Good-night," he laughed, following her a little way and then lingering at the rail again to finish his cigar. He saw Owen down the deck and pondered.

"Owen here, as usual," he murmured to himself. "I wonder why she never suspects him. I've half a mind to take her in the motorboat to-morrow and land her ashore and hide her in a deserted house—a prisoner—my prisoner."

But he was idly smiling at his idea as he moved into the cabin.

Raymond Owen was also puffing a cigar and apparently enjoying the evening air when he stopped at the companionway at the foot of which lay the motorboat. But the leisurely peace of his manner was not duplicated in his brain.

He looked up and down the deck. The sailors had long ago retired to their bunks. The night hung, hushed, and only distantly gleam, around him. He moved to the top of the companionway.

Three quick steps and he was crouching, half-way down, his evil face on a level with the deck. Not a sound detained him. He climbed down.

The buttoned canvas cover of the motorboat impeded his operations only for a moment. He crawled in under the cover. If there had been any light in the pit of the boat it would have flashed upon a delicate gilet saw, which the secretary drew from his pocket.

"This time I act for myself," he whispered, with a sense of triumph. "This time there will be no flaw."

A brief burring sound and the gilet cut through to the water. Owen could feel the seep upon his hands as he widened the leak a little with the saw.

A sound on the deck above made him crouch under the canvas with the terror of his cowardice. It was the sound of a dog's bark, followed by a rush of light footsteps, the swish of a skirt and low, musical laughter as Pauline recaptured Cyrus, her pet bull-terrier.

Cyrus barked in rapturous content as she pettingly chastised him for his flight from the cabin door.

"Well, I should think so! Cyrus was trying to run away."

"Cyrus? Do you mean to say you brought that dog along?"

"Good-night, Harry," said Pauline, significantly. "If you can't love Cyrus—" The end of her sentence was lost behind a slammed door.

Owen went on with his work. There were wide cotton waste around the engine of the motorboat. These he inserted, deftly, but not too firmly, into the orifice he had cut in the bottom of the light, untrammelled vessel. With no weight in it, he knew the seepage would be slight, and Pauline and Harry would go far before danger confronted them. But it was a vital cut that he had made, and, under speed, he was sure, the small craft would be overwhelmed in a bursting of the clogged hole as sudden as the pop of a cork.

Owen climbed back up the companionway and went to bed, peacefully content.

"I want to run it myself."

"Not quite yet."

"Oh, yes, indeed," insisted Pauline. "Why do you suppose I asked you to show me how?"

They were speeding down the river in the motorboat in the first flush of the Fall morning, and his firm hands on the wheel of the powerful craft yielded reluctantly to hers.

He held close to her—so close in fact that when a wisp of her golden hair blew across his temple he stole abruptly an unauthorized kiss.

She turned upon him a look of disdain. "How masculine!" she said, with a steady eye on the progress of the boat. Suddenly she reached down, caught up a piece of waste and dabbed it at him.

"I was only trying to explain," he began with a manner of deep seriousness.

"I understand everything perfectly now," she replied. "You will notice that we are on our way home to the yacht."

"Because I kissed you?"

"Of course. How did you dare?"

"Why, POLLY! His tone was of genuine alarm. "You kiss me good morning, and you kiss me good-by, even when I'm not going anywhere but to work."

"But I don't kiss you good-morning in front of the glasses of those horrid warships over there, and I would just like to tell you that if Lieutenant Summers or his friends ever say a word about seeing what you did I shall marry a Hottentot and live the rest of my life in a bamboo hut."

"Well, I apologize. I didn't think about Summers."

"Men NEVER think—until a woman does something silly."

"They haven't time to think of anything else."

"You may leave the ship, sir," commanded Pauline, as she drew the little craft, not altogether unskillfully, to the yacht's companionway.

"And you?"

"I shall take care of myself—as it seems I must," she announced with whimsical hauteur.

By Arrangement with the Eclectic Film Company.



This is from the Motion Picture of "Pauline" by the Famous Pathe Players.
Pauline, the Heroine, and Harry the Hero of "The Perils of Pauline."

"Joking aside, Polly, that's a fierce little vessel. I'll let you go, but you MUST be careful."

"I have the protection of the United States Navy," she declared solemnly.

Laughing at his dismissal, but still hesitating to accept it, Harry climbed the companionway. Pauline consoled him with a wave of the hand as she sent the motorboat shooting off again into the open bay.

"I think, though, we ought to follow her," said Harry to Owen, as he came on deck. "By the way, Owen, you are the ultimate and supreme boss of that child. CAN'T you do anything to prevent these risks? You know they ARE risks. Some one is trying to do away with her and we let her venture into any trouble that she happens to think is interesting. I don't believe we are doing our duty."

Owen's plastic face melted into lineless amusement.

"I have never believed that there was any serious or concerted attempt to harm Miss Marvin," he said. "If I had thought so, I would have used all the power of the police, the courts and the Marvin fortune to offset it. But always, as you know, the little adventures have come out safely. Miss Marvin has not been hurt; the 'pranks' as you call them, amuse her. What should I do?"

"Order her to stop on penalty of being taken to court as a lunatic," said Harry hotly. "You know perfectly well that all of her real perils—and there have been many—came through just some such affair as this."

"As what?"

"Driving off alone in a motorboat. Look. He passed his glasses to Owen, who gazed through them with an interest, the intensity of which Harry did not understand.

"She has the dog with her," said the secretary, returning the glasses.

"Yes," said Harry, "she seems to prefer its companionship to mine. What the deuce!" he added in a sudden exclamation. "My feet are wet!"

"You may have dipped in the sea as you left the boat," suggested Owen, with only the faintest quiver of his expressive eyebrows.

"I don't dip in the sea with BOTH feet when I'm climbing from a well-mannered motorboat to a sound yacht in smooth water," replied Harry.

He looked again, with a new interest, through the glasses, to where the motorboat, guided by Pauline, was speeding down the bay. He could see the little bull-terrier in Pauline's arms. She seemed to be trying to teach it to run the boat for its paws were placed upon the wheel.

"I'd like to know how I got these wet feet," persisted Harry as he walked down the deck to the cabin.

If he had been able to see at that moment

the expression on the face of Pauline as she looked on her own dainty, spat-topped boots, he would not have gone into the cabin.

Pauline's shoes were wet, too. She looked about on the bottom of the boat for the source of the moisture. There was only a thin, dull coating of water in the hold—such as might have come from a heavy wave had the weather been blowing. But there was no weather to speak of and there were no waves. Pauline's bewilderment soon gave place to alarm. She left the dog with its paws on the wheel and moved forward. She felt in every crevice of the boat's bottom.

Suddenly she lunged forward in eager fear. Her hand had touched drenched wadding. The touch was enough to loosen the thin stopper of waste that Owen had placed in the hole he made. Next moment Pauline was striving in vain to press back the plug, but it was too late. The water, urged in by the rush of the swift boat, came spouting through the hole.

Pauline crept back and caught up a handful of clean waste that lay beside the engine. She tried to press this into the rift. It was instantly soaked and useless. She became desperate. For a moment she stood up and gazed out over the peaceful waters. But she had sped the little craft so far that she was beyond the bay, beyond all sight of sail or steamer, save a low gray wall of slowly moving craft that marked the line of battleships out for target practice. The gray wall was very far away, but Pauline waved her arms and called feebly into the futile distance. There was no answer. The glasses of the officers of the fleet were busy ranging the targets. The warning signals had been put out by the patrols, and no craft was supposed to be anywhere near. Pauline tore pieces from her dress and jammed them into the leak. She tried to stop the leak with her bare hands. The water, spitting through her fingers, hissed venomously.

She went back to the vessel. The dog, instinctively scenting their peril, whined plaintively as she lifted him to her lap.

"We can't get back, but we'll get as far as we can," she said with a quivering voice to the little companion of her peril. She swung the boat about. The weight of the water already hampered it. It turned sluggishly.

But in the instant of turning came a revelation, a hope. In the faint distance, seaward, a spot of white patched the monotonous gray of water and sky.

"A sail," breathed Pauline. "I wonder if I can reach it."

There was a prayer on her lips as she put the motorboat at top speed toward the one chance of life.

To be Continued Next Week



This is from the Motion Picture of "Pauline" by the Famous Pathe Players
At Tea On Board Harry's Motorboat.